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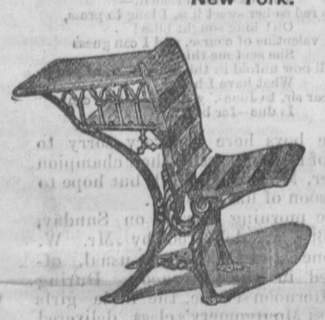

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881. NUMBER 8.

POETRY.

The Editor's Troubles.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

The typos all had pocketed their rules
(There were but three upon the paper then),
And lounging idly on the office stools,
Surveyed the "Colonel," who with busy pen
Was dashing off a leader for his sheet,
Entitled, "Dullness at the Country seat."

'Twas Saturday and six o'clock. The boys
Were waiting for their slender weekly pay;
Alas! that bugaboo which so annoys
The country printer and obstructs his way.
If types could set themselves his course would seem
As calm and pleasant as a Summer dream.

A half an hour passed by—still toiled the scribe;
Ideas seemed to flow with wondrous ease—
Still, if we might believe a current gibe,
Which hinted that the writer crossed his t's
With sweeping lines that ran across the sheet,
His pen, alas! produced more chaff than wheat.

The clock struck seven. Then the type's all,
With muttered threats of quitting then and there,
Filed slowly out into the dingy hall,
And started down the well-worn office stair.
Just here a whistle from the sanctum sent
A thrill of hope through each, and back they went.

"Well, boys," began the scribe, "I'm pained to say
That prospects are not flattering to-night;
I've failed to raise a single cent to-day,
And, consequently, funds are rather tight—
This crushing news undoubtedly will fall
Upon your aspirations like a pall.

"But bear up bravely—What is that you said—
I'm owing you a heap of money now?
A truer statement never left your head,
I've used you badly, that I must allow,
But think of Job and meekly bow to fate—
I'm short, just learn to labor and—TO WAIT.

"I must confess that I sincerely grieve
To see you placed in this unlovely strait,
But toss your heads and make your friends believe
That lots of lucre prompts your buoyant gait;
Don't leave me, gents—continue still to strive—
You've money coming and—IT MAY arrive."

Then spoke the types, almost in a chorus:
"This workin' for a man without the stamps
Is most too thin and just a trifle porous—
We fail to see it, Colonel, 'in those lamps!'
We've lived on hope, with now and then a cracker,
For three long weeks, and durin' all that time,
By jingo! we've had to do without tobacker.
And we've concluded that we'd better climb."

The door here opened, and a robust party
Came in, who, pulling out his pocket-book,
Exclaimed in tones encouraging and heartly:
"There, that's my bill, I reckon—please to look!"
He didn't stop to read the Colonel's leader,
Or pocket some exchanges on the sly;
He left like you or I would, gentle reader,
That's like a gentleman—(how's THAT for high?)

The Colonel raised his patron's timely favor
(A six months' bill for an advertisement),
And said, in tones that had of pride a savor:
"Here, take it boys," he gave them every cent.
When from the place the printers had departed,
This plaint came from the weary man of news:
"Ah, me! poor, patient wife will feel downhearted
When I go home without the children's shoes!"

STORY TELLER.

Schoolmaster of Russian Bar.

"When is he expected?"

"They said he was coming in to-night's stage."

"He taught in 'Frisco, didn't he?"

"Yes, I guess he was in the department."

The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar and on this last sensation, the coming of a schoolmaster, she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose miner husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed, envoys were immediately dispatched to the hotel to learn his name and business, and the probable length of his stay. But now, Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy, or Ike Walker, an unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummeled the last preceptor who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in those matters and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in a square, stand-up fight, he might as well pick up his traps and leave Russian Bar.

On the very evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous schoolboys, met at a pool from which both were trying to coax a few speckled trout for supper.

"Have you heard what the new chap is like Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wiggling worm on his hook.

"No; have you?"

"Father told Jake the barkeeper, that he was very young.

"And small?"

"Yes."

"Guess he won't stay long in town, Ike."

"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us, such fine weather as this."

The worthies sat and fished in silence for some little time, and then Ike produced a bunch of cigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last, finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and straggled up to the village, pausing a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster, which had strayed too far from the protecting wash-house.

Philip Houghton was a schoolmaster from necessity and not taste. Like many who had been educated as gentlemen in one sense of the word, that is, without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to any particular account in the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a city paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it, and was accepted at a venture. Putting his few movables together—a pair of old foils and a set of well worn boxing gloves, for Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought a ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage driver a communicative fellow, who at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his description of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of, was not very encouraging. "You will find them a hard lot," said he, "and they are all on the muscle, too."

"What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good humoredly. "You see, if I have to exercise something more than moral suasion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."

"Well Sam Seymour is about the strongest."

"And what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"

"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."

"O I expect we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton; "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage bowled along the smooth road and past the great white oak, under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noontime halt.

"I'll set you down at the hotel," said the driver. There's Perkins, the proprietor, that fat man smoking on the stoop."

Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was anything but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement, but a game at fisticuffs with a dirty, mutinous boy, had neither glory nor honor for a man that had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender, good-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before that worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical vocation, also found time to run the post office.

The doctor's wife was at her window, and, after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile, Houghton washed off the red dust of the road and took his seat at the supper table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few minutes that intervened between their arrival and their evening meal.

"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord graciously, as he helped the new guest to a cut of steak.

"Well, it seems a pretty place."

"When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated; but you'll have a hard time with the boys."

"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I am not unprepared," said Houghton, cheerfully.

After supper, the landlord remarked confidentially to the doctor "that the young man had grit in him, and he thought he'd be able to 'make the riffle' with the boys."

When Houghton arose next morning, and opened his window to the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the climbering honey-suckles, he felt that, after all, a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing-gloves, a little sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his undergraduate days.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he straightened his arm, and looked at the finely developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand up fight with these troublesome pupils of mine. This is my day of trial, however, and before moon we shall probably have had one battle out."

The schoolhouse, a raw, unfinished looking frame building, stood hard by the river, about half a mile from the town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled.

Among them were Ike Seymour and Sam Walker. The latter's sister, a pretty girl of sixteen, was leaning against the fence with half a dozen of her friends, for the Russian Bar schoolhouse was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes.

Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and a half grin on his face, he obeyed.

"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully, to the boys.

They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he went by. When they were seated Houghton stood at his desk and laid a heavy ruler on the books which were before him.

"Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience are what I require, and a strict attention to the matter of our instruction."

Giving them a portion of the grammar to prepare for recitation, he walked quietly up and down the room, occasionally standing at the window but appearing to keep no surveillance on the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard followed by a general titter.

Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw the blue smoke from a cigarette arising from where Seymour sat.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, in a stern tone.

"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, insolently.

"Are you smoking?"

"I guess so."

"Leave the room!"

"I guess not."

There was a dead silence in the school room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial had come.

"Seymour," he said again, very quietly.

"What?"

"Come here."

Seymour, putting his hands in his pocket, sauntered from his desk, stood within a yard of the schoolmaster and looked sneeringly into his face.

"Leave the room," said Houghton again, in a lower tone.

"No."

The lithe arm straightened like a flash of lightning, and the rebel measured his length on the floor, while the blood gushed from his nostrils.

In a moment he sprang to his feet and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, but went down again like a reed before that well-aimed blow. The second time he fell, Houghton stooped down, and lifting him as if he had been a child, fairly flung him outside the door. Seymour, confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to the school without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitation. Walker was mum. Seymour's fate appalled him, and, in fact, the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair, they unanimously commended the pluck of the schoolmaster.

"I tell you what, boys," said Perkins to a crowd who were earnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, about managing boys. "He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."

Houghton was hospitably treated by the folks at Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement, but showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The doctor's wife pronounced him to be the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips insinuated that Mrs. Blunt, the widow, was setting her cap for him.

Gypsey Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw mill, which, all day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinion as to Houghton's merits, but in the summer evenings when the schoolmaster, rod in hand, wandered along the stream and threw his line across the mill-dam, Gipsey was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow, frequently asked Houghton to spend the evening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while Gipsey dutifully mended her father's socks on the verandah.

Mrs. Lane, when Gypsey was but a baby, was laid to rest in Lone Mountain, long before Lane ever thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the best and most industrious pupils the young master had, and were happy in accompanying him on his fishing excursions. In fact, they all agreed that the educational department in the village was a thriving success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gypsey Lane, twirling her straw hat, thoughtfully picked her way across the broad field that lay between her house and the mill. The stream was a winding one, and as she placed her foot on the first stepping-stone she saw a straw hat on the grass which she knew well."

"How is Miss Lane this evening?" said Houghton, lazily, from beneath a Manzanito bush, where he had been enjoying a book and a pipe.

"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" replied Gypsey, shyly.

"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes, I have received a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

Houghton put on his hat and helped Gypsey across the brook.

"I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind.

"A pleasant one?"

"Well, although in some sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."

They walked on and Gypsey swung her hat pensively, longing with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about New York.

"I am going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton, abruptly.

"Indeed, how soon?"

"I don't know yet; possibly within a week."

The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.

"Do you care much, Miss Lane?" This with an earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown parched grass beneath their feet.

"Yes, of course, we shall be very sorry to lose you," returned Gypsey evasively.

"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on her finger?" whispered Houghton, capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a pearl ring on her delicate finger.

Gypsey said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earnest face, and in the next her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

Russian Bar, to a man, turned out to wish Philip Houghton God speed on the morning he took his place by the driver who, one year before, had set him down at Perkins' Hotel. They knew he was on his way to New York, and that the gossips more than suspected that there was some thing between Gypsey Lane and their favorite. At all events her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come, and the river was swollen and rapid, and many a lofty tree from the pine forest had found its way to the hearths of Russian Bar. One delicious morning crisp and cold, after a night's rain, the stage covered with mud, halted before Perkins' Hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.

The worthy proprietor of that excellent house was in the act of tossing his first cocktail, when a hearty hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:

"Perkins, old boy, how are you!"

The landlord returned the shake heartily, dived behind the bar and had a second cocktail mixed in a moment. "And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"

Six weeks afterward, the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gypsey Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village and was admitted to practice in the courts—everything seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that important position.—*San Francisco Morning Call.*

Seating Capacity of Churches.

Very few churches in America have a seating capacity of over 1,500. The following shows the size of some of the largest churches in Europe: St. Peter's Church at Rome, will hold 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 7,000; St. Paul, at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul, at London, 35,-600; St. Petronio, at Bologna, 24,-000; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John, Lateran, 22,000; Notre Dame, at Paris, 22,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,-000, St. Stephens's, at Vienna, 12,-400; St. Dominic's, at Bologna, 12,-000; St. Peter's, at Bologna, 11,500; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

There is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink.—*Judge Coleridge.*

A ROMANCE OF A POCKET-BOOK.

I was just twenty-five when I first met Alice Thorne, the daughter and heiress of George Thorne, the great banker.

I fell desperately in love with the charming girl, knowing well that such love was utter madness.

Her father was reported to be a very proud, ambitious man, who would look high for a son-in-law. I felt that he would not so much as give hearing to my suit; and as to winning her without his consent, what would that bring her but misery? I had nothing with which to compensate or repay her for the sacrifice of a marriage with my poverty.

So we bade good-bye without a word of explanation, though I know she read the anguish in my heart, and tears were in the soft eyes averted from me. I kissed the trembling hand she place in mine, and turned away and bade farewell to her and her hope forever.

Scarcely had I got back to town, and was striving earnestly to drown vain regret in the bustle and interest of business, when a terrible misfortune fell upon me. Mr. Overton had given me a check for $20,000, desiring me to go to the bank and get it cashed. Having executed the commission and returned, imagine my horror on discovering that the pocket-book containing the money was gone.

Whether stolen by villains or lost by my own carelessness, what matter-ed it? It was gone; and I utterly ruined.

What I suffered the next few hours God only knows; and when after being dismissed, I returned to my own room, I was nearly desperate; not only had I lost a lucrative position, but my future appeared to be irretrievably blasted, for there are suspicions which are as fatal to a man morally as would be physically the wound of a rifle ball.

But I was young and of a hopeful nature, and I began to realize that I had been leniently dealt with. On recalling all that had happened after leaving the bank, and the utter impossiblity of the pocket-book being taken from the breast pocket of my coat, I came to the conclusion that I must have dropped it, and thereupon I resolved to have recourse to all means in my power to recover the money.

I had saved during the past few years a considerable portion of my salary, and determined to devote it to the purpose I had in view. I advertised daily in all the prominent journals, not offering the customary reward, but described my unfortunate position, my honor lost and my fortune blasted.

For two weeks I kept my loss before the public, and had almost begun to despair of any favorable results, when one morning a stranger came to me—a tall, dark, stern-looking man, who regarded me with a pair of kindly brown eyes that had something familiar about them.

The stranger declined the seat I offered him, and began at once speaking burlesquely and to the point. "I have read your advertisement in the papers, and I feel deeply interest-in and for you. I have just left your late employers, and after the satisfactory manner in which all my questions were answered, I became your surety for $20,000."

"What?"

I sprang towards him in the wildest excitement.

"Oh, sir," I began, but he soon stopped me.

"Let me finish," said he, "I've done this because I am convinced that you are an upright, honest man, and the greatest pooof of my confidence I can give you is that I am about to offer you the position of cashier in my banking house. My name, sir is George Thorne."

George Thorne, the father of Alice, the girl I loved! Ah, the mystery was solved! It was of her his eyes had reminded me; it was to her I was indebted for this help.

Fifteen years had flown since I had lost the pocket-book. I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords. I had found in Mr. Thorne more than a patron; I found a friend. Under a burlesque manner he had a heart of gold. From the first day of our acquaintance he had evinced towards me the liveliest interest and affection.

I was soon made partner, and when on a certain blessed day, I became the husband af Alice and his son-in-law, he presented me with a receipt for the $20,000 that he had paid to the Messrs. Overton for my loss.

So time went on. The banking house known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace was then in a thriving condition.

I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet with all these sources of happiness, I was not quite cantented; there was a crease in the rose leaf.

For some time past I had been vainly endeavoring to account for the extraordinary interest which my father-in-law had taken in me, because I discovered, as I grew older, and saw more of this selfish, egotistical world, that very few such generous actions were performed without motives and the solution of this, to me, difficult problem, frequently occupied my thoughts.

At first, I had attributed it all to Alice's influence, but I know now that it had been as great a surprise to her as to myself.

About this time, Dr. Ponard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning while sitting at breakfast expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers, relating to money lost and found.

"Well," said he, "I have not the least sympathy for those who lose money. They are generally careless, stupid, people, not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man who lost a pocket-book some years ago containing $20,-000, and I declare when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him. But," continued he, addressing my father-in-law, who had become very pale, "you ought to remember the circumstance, for it occurred just as the time of the great failure in Philadelphia by which you were so heavy a loser."

"Yes, I recollect the affair," replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering.

"I never heard," continued the doctor, "what became of the poor devil, yet I should like to know."

"Should you?" said I, laughing; "then let me gratify your curiosity. I, Arthur Wallace, am that poor devil, doctor; saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here.' And then I related the events of the last fifteen years.

The doctor sprang to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand.

"Well and generously done," said he, but Mr. Thorne interrupted him.

"But I am not well," said he faintly. "I suffer greatly; let me go to my room."

The next day they sent me to his private office. I found him looking pale and haggard.

"Sit down, my dear Arthur," said he in a low voice, "and listen to me. For a long time, I have had a confession to make to you—one that weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now, that I have in a measure made some amends for the trouble I once caused you."

"The trouble you caused me!" cried I. "You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my happiness, and more than all, my honor."

Mr. Thorne opened his desk and took from it a pocket-book.

"Do you remember this?" said he, as he placed it in my hand.

"Yes" replied I, "it is the one I lost, but how—"

I could not finish my question. The truth starred me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay.

"Great heaven!" I cried, "you found the money."

"Aye! and kept it," he groaned, with an anguish in his voice. "But, Oh do not condemn without hearing me. Yesterday you heard Mr. Ponard allude to the great losses I had sustained by the failure in Philadelphia. I did not dare to make any embarrassments known, as that would have hastened my ruin—my ruin! God knows it was not for myself that I cared, but for Alice, my darling child. It was on the 14th of December that you lost the money. Oh! I shall never forget that date. It was on that day I meditated success. I was short of $20,000 to meet my liabilities, and maturing on the 15th. I was overwhelmed with despair, the air of the office seemed to strifle me and I rushed into the street. I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your pocket-book. I opened it and the sight made me giddy and faint. Then commenced within my breast one of those moral struggles, which, even to conquer, is fearful, but in which, alas! I was miserably vanquished. The next day I satisfied all claims upon me. To the world I was George Thorne, an upright and honest man; to myself I was nothing but a malefactor. You know the rest. Through my guilt, you passed two weeks of indescribable anguish. I have since endeavored to make reparation for this misery I caused; but I also suffered. Moral atonements are the most cruel because they are eternal. I have known and yet feel the bitterness of expiation. Say, my son, you can forgive my crime?"

Could I forgive? I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes. What were my sufferings of two terrible weeks compared to the secret pain and shame this man had borne for years?—this man, the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life since had been one of long atonement. I grasped his hand; tears filled my eyes.

"Father!" I cried. "Alice's father and mine, all forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same pocket-book."

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Indianapolis,	February 20th.
Pittsburgh, (Confirmation)	27th.
Cleveland,	March 6th.
Dayton, O.	" 11th.
Cincinnati, O.	" 13th.
Delaware, O.	" 14th.
Detroit, Mich.	" 20th.
Jackson, Mich.	" 21th.
Albion, Mich.	" 22d.

Other appointments will be published later on.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

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In ancient mythology there is to be found an account of one Sisyphus, who for offending Jupiter was condemned to roll a huge rock up a hill, which as soon as it reached the top rolled back again, so that he was required to labor unceasingly, and as soon as his labor was ended it was just begun. How analogous is this never ending and unceasing toil which Sisyphus endured to that of editing a paper. Just as the work of finishing one issue is over, the work on the next must be begun. There is no time to rest. No opportunity to review. No old things to say over again. All must be new, or it will not take. According to printer's measurement, there are over 80,000 ems of reading matter in each issue of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—far more than in any other deaf-mute paper in the world. To collect the news, set up, correct and print it, is no small matter.

This week, Washington's Birthday being a holiday, we are obliged to get our paper out on time, and dispense with one working day. That we have done it our readers will know before they read this.

We do not write this in a complaining spirit, but to show what a large amount of labor and time and thought is expended each week for the good of deaf-mutes, and cherish a hope that they will substantially recognize what is being done for them by sending in their names, with $1.50 accompanying each, for a year's subscription.

Each week we find it necessary to throw a great many communications into the waste basket. The causes are numerous. In some cases the writer forgets to sign his real name to his communication, and in others the correspondence is of no interest to our readers, and in still others, the writer endeavors to air his own personal grievances or vent his own personal spite upon some one who may have incurred his ill-will. All correspondence of this character must necessarily be rejected.

While inviting our friends to send us any news concerning deaf mutes that may come under their notice, we would respectfully ask that they bear in mind the conditions under which communications will be printed.

NOTICES.

Ash-Wednesday services. March 2d, will be held in St. Ann's Church at 6:30 and 10:30 A.M., with interpretations in signs for deaf-mutes. After Ash-Wednesday, the *daily* services through Lent will be at 8 A.M., 12 M. and 4 P.M., and on Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 P.M.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES. The Eighth Anniversary well be held in St. Thomas Church, 5th Avenue and 53rd Street, on Sunday, the 27th inst., at 3 30 P.M. All deaf-mutes are invited to attend. The 2:45 P.M. service at St. Ann's Church will be omitted that afternoon.

CONFIRMATION will be administered in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., on Sunday, March 6th, at 7. 30, P.M. Deaf-Mutes desiring information on the subject, are invited to write to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, No. 9 West 18th Street, New York City.

Convention Pamphlets.

Pamphlets embodying in full the proceedings of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in Cincinnati in August, 1880, will be sold at the rate of 15 cents each. All who desire to procure a copy can do so by sending the above amount to E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City.

R. P. McGREGOR,
President.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

There are fifty cases of measles in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Rome.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Mr. James M. Camp, of Linden, has been spending a day or two at the residence of his mute friend, Miss Frances E, Walter, of Lockport, N. Y.

William Ward, who is working in the Mines in New Mexico, was a pupil of the Belleville school about six years ago. He is acquainted with mutes in Girard and Buffalo

"Mr. Spy" will have to reply to "Mr. Defender" as he don't agree with his article about Mr. J. D. Ziegler and considers it an insult to the members of the C. L. A, as they say so.

Arthur Morgan, a deaf-mute residence in Gortiana, N. H., who has been for some years a pupil of the Hartford Institution, was run over by the train, on Saturday, Feb. 12th, while crossing the track.

Julia Houck of Berwick, Pa., sends sincere thanks to Miss Fuller, the authoress, for her kind recognition and generosity. The picture of that gifted lady is already framed. It occupies a place of honor and is a choice treasure.

Mrs. A. J. Vance, in company with Miss L. C. Gray left on the 12th for Middletown, O, expecting to enjoy the company of her friends for a short time but will be likely to remain much longer depending upon the solicitations of her lively friends.

Miss L. C. Gray's attachment to her friends in Cincinnati and Newport is such that she has no desire whatever to hurry home, and is likely to make Cincinnati her home before long. She has a pleasant time with Mrs Vance at present in Newport.

The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. David White, Agent for the Beverly School, has been filed by Mr. Albert Hargrave. The Board of Trustees met last week, and his unanimous appointment gives us all pleasure, as we know he is the right man in the right place.

Augustus Rowald is foreman of one of the largest ladies fine shoe manufactories in Buffalo. Some of the mutes appear jealous of him and slander him. They should know better. His parents are of German descent, and are excellent and respectable people. His wife, formerly Miss Julia Whalen, is a daughter of a New York farmer, and was educated at the New York Institution. They are a happy and prosperous couple.

The deaf-mutes of this town and vicility are to be favored on Sunday next at the residence of Mrs. Whipple Follet, North Smithfield, with a lecture by Harry White, B. A., of Boston on "Religion and morals." It will be the first deaf-mute lecture in this vicinity. Prof. White is well know among the "silent brethren" as an earnest writer for the deaf-mute press, and was recently attached to the editorial corps of the *Boston Advertiser.—Evening Reporter.*

On the 16th, the Rev. Thomas Boone, rector of Christ Church, Savannah, Ga., kindly assisted the Rev. Job Turner in conducting a service in his Church, instituted in 1743. The church is exactly what it should be. The rector is a son of the late Bishop Boone of China, man of great learning. He knows the Rev. H. Winter Syle, of Philadelphia, Penn. Mr Turner continued his journey to Tallahassee and Jacksonville the next day in excellent health and fine spirits.

During his very short visit to Milledgville, Ga., the Rev. Job Turner stood before the old capitol with a sad heart, because the late Lewis Weld, while principal of the American Asylum, Hartford, was there with Edward Booth and Thomas H. Perkins to give an exhibition to the Legislature in session. Mr. Booth is editor of a large weekly newspaper at Anamosa, Ia. The National Deaf-Mute College, last Spring, conferred the degree of A.M. on him. Mr. Perkins, a grandson of Gov. Wolcott, of Conn., died of lock-jaw at New London, Conn, caused by a pitch-fork piercing through one of his feet while making hay. Had he lived, he would have made a smart man. He was a great reader.

On Wednesday night, Mr. H. V. Edmond entertained at his residence, his class of deaf-mutes, and gave them a fine entertainment. There were about twenty-five present, among them Professor Weeks, of the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The evening was passed *quietly* as far as noise was concerned, but the air was filled with gesticulating arms and moving fingers. Charades, tableaux and refreshments made the evening pass pleasantly to all, and probably not one of the party more thoroughly enjoyed the occasion than did Mr. Edmond himself. He is proficient in the mute language, and has, since the Park church was built, conducted a large Bible class of mutes, and has won the love and esteem of his pupils by his constant efforts in their behalf. The occasion of Wednesday evening was but one of the many he has arranged for them, and both summer and winter he invents some pleasurable entertainment for their benefit.—*Hartford Courant.*

A MEETING of the Board of Trustees of the New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes was held on Monday last at the school on Elliot street. On the board are such names as George Roundy, Wm. C. Boyden, of this town, Thomas Appleton and Wm. Wormstead, of Marblehead. Rev. Julius H. Ward and Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. The report which the superintendent, Wm. B. Swett, presented, showed the school to be in a very gratifying condition and a vote was passed congratulating him on his successful management the past year. The names of our fellow citizens Hon. John I. Baker and Rev. George I Sanger, of Danvers Centre, were then presented to fill two vacancies on the Board of Trustees and unanimously accepted. In the evening, a reception was tendered to Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet in congratulation of his recent safe arrival from Europe. Among those who graced the occasion with their presence were Mr. and Mrs. Roundy and their daughters, Mrs. Boyden, Mrs. Cressy, Miss Bray and others too numerous to mention. A goodly number of deaf-mutes from Beverly and Salem, were also present. The guests sat down to an elegant repast. At the close, an address of welcome to the Doctor was read, both in signs and speaking. This was followed by another address from one of the deaf-mutes present. Then followed what was the most interesting feature of the whole evening—the unveiling of a large picture of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the father of the honored guest, and the founder of the first institution for the Deaf and Dumb in America. He it was who first awakened the interest of the public in the education of the deaf and dumb, and first introduced the peculiar system of teaching that class into this country. An address eulogizing at once the father and his worthy son was read by a young deaf-mute gentleman. Altogether it was an enjoyable occasion to all present.

B. G. Kingsley is suffering with a sore-throat.

One of your lady subscribers would like to know Mr. J. J. Borden's address.

Miss Maggie Richardson is improving slowly in health, and is now able to sit up.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, will preach before the mutes of Norwich, Ct., on the 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Fanning's two children have been sick with scarlet-fever. They are now well.

In answer to the item in the JOURNAL asking for three good compositors, Mr. B. G. Kingsley, of Marion, O., sends his address.

Mr. McSchmid, the well-known mute tailor, of this city, is going to sail for Germany, to see his aged mother. He has not seen her for fourteen years.

On the 22d of February, (Washington's birth-day) the Republicans of Wayne County, celebrated his birth-day. Among the guests were Messrs. Wessie Johnson, of West Salem, O., and W. D. Edwards, of Wooster, O. They enjoyed a "boss" time.

Prof. I. B. Dobyns and his family arrived at Jackson, Miss., last Thursday evening. They travelled about five days from Texas to that city. Prof. Talbot and his family are going to leave Jackson for Danville, Ky., on the last week of this month. The pupils in the Mississippi D. and D. Inst. are all well. The weather is cold and cloudy.

Principal Emery has sent his bill to the State Legislative for $100,000 for the erection of a Northern state Institute for Deaf-Mutes, in Chicago, or within five miles of Chicago. Last year, he succeeded in getting $15,000 from the state, and whether he will be successful again, this time remains to be seen. Senator Adams looks after the bill.

Gracie Ethel, the youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. S. Works, of Hannibal, N. Y., has the scarlet fever, kidney disease and dropsy. She suffers a great deal. The other youngest daughter, Rosa May, had the Scarlet fever; but now is getting better. The oldest daughter, Lottie Emma, is failing fast every day. She has consumption, and will not live through the Spring. God knows best.

Mr. Harry White came to Boston last Friday to visit his friends. He will make monthly visits to Boston for the afore-said purpose, and will remain over Saturdays and Sundays. He has lately been appointed teacher, and also clerk of the Board of Trustees, for the Beverly Industrial School. He gave a lecture to the Boston mutes a week ago.

The furniture manufactory of Bardwell, Anderson & Co., East Boston, was damaged between $35,000 and $40,000 by fire last Friday morning. About 200 hands are thrown out of employment, among whom were five deaf-mutes, namely, E. Duran, F. E. Skillin, F. H. Roberts, Chas. Lurvey and E. Roberts. It is hoped that they will go to work again next week.

THE MUTE MARRIAGE.—Miss Jennie Smith, of No. 420 Benefit street, whose name was given as being the bride of John McGinn, the deaf mute, is not the lady who was married. She is a respectable young lady, and the story told to our reporter by McGinn was a pure fabrication People who know him say that he is in no way responsible for what he says.—*Providence, R. I., Transcript.*

On the night of the 17th, the Rev. Job Turner travelled all night from Savannah to Tallahassee, Fla., it being his first trip. Private business of importance took him there to see the Governor. He called on the chief magistrate of the State of Florida, and was kindly received by him. He had a chat with him and found a nice young man in him. The Governor bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Oscar Kinsman, a mute, of Providence, R. I.

On the 15th, on his way from Columbus, Ga., to Savannah, the Rev. Job Turner got off at Milledgeville to see two lunatic mutes at the Insane Asylum, one of whom was with him in the late Prof. Clerc's class, about 41 years ago. She did not recognize him at all, her mind being entirely gone. Her great change shocked and affected him very much. Her name is *Mrs. Joseph B. Edwards.* She was once a charming girl. The other recognized him easily, and wanted to talk with him all day; but his duty took him to Savannah the same night to her great regret. Her name is Lou Frierson, of Atlanta Ga.

Mr. Clarence E. Webster, of Buffalo, N. Y., was made glad by a surprise party given him on the 6th of February, it being his 21st birthday. There were about twenty persons present. Among them was a very nice speaking and hearing lady. He received some lovely presents, among which was a black-walnut set of bedroom furniture, from his parents. The party had a very fine supper, and the evening was passed very pleasantly till about 11 P.M. Then Clarence took his father's handsome black span of horses and took them home in a sleigh. The sleighing was fine and they had some rare sport. Taylor Getsinger was upset in the snow, and another gentleman named Mr. Chas. Haile fell on top of him; but, we are happy to say, no one was injured. All declared they had spent a happy and pleasant evening.

Deaf-Mute Levee.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Union of this city gave an entertainment last evening to about 150 of their brethren and sisters from the different New England States. New York was represented by Editor E. A. Hodgson, of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Among others of note present were Prof. William H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., a teacher of thirty-one years' experience, Prof. Harry White, of Beverly, Mass.; George A. Holmes, of Boston, and John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford. The meeting was held in Reform Club Hall, after the close of the Reform Club meeting. The exercises opened with a contest in signs, the object of which was to see which lady could render in the mute language the Lord's Prayer most correctly. Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Concord, N. H., carried off the prize, which was an elegantly bound copy of the Bible. A gold-headed cane was then voted for, for candidates, there being a mute from each of the New England States. Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, of the Hartford Asylum, took this prize, receiving 23 votes, to 17 for Oscar Kinsman, of Rhode Island, and twelve for Adin Reed, of Vermont, and eight for George A. Holmes, of Boston. Prof. Weeks responded with much feeling to this unexpected mark of the generosity and kindness of his friends, saying he would ever cherish the gift.

The entertainment was under the direction of a committee of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Union, consisting of Messrs. C. L. Knight, George Miller, and Wm. H. Green, and everything passed off successfully and pleasantly.

The large company partook of supper at the Commonwealth Cafe and returned to the hall, when dancing was in order.—*Worcester Spy.*

Mr. Blanchard, of Rock Island, Ill, ran off from home owing to his mother's refusal to let him work in the mills. His parents live in New York. He was educated at the New York Institution, and was out of work during cold weather. He will work again in the new mill next spring. His education is limited.

On Saturday morning, the 12th inst, the Rev. Job Turner could not go from Savannah to Charleston, S. C., to fill his appointment for the next day (Sunday) on account of the track of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad being broken up for two miles by the late floods. So he took a long and tiresome journey to Columbus, Georgia, which city he reached the next morning at 2:30 o'clock, to ascertain whether he would be able to do any good there in future. He afterwards determined to officiate there as often as he could, as he has found a number of mutes there On Monday, the 14th, he made his way back to Savannah *en route* to Florida.

Would it not be better to concentrate the patronage of the deaf-mute public on a single well conducted paper, which could be made, the official organ of the silent people of the country. This would give more unity to our people who are so widely scattered, and the subjects of interest to them would receive thorough discussion. Such an organ is needed, and the need is, in our opinion, well filled by the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York. Under its past and present management, the JOURNAL has been uniformly fair and impartial. All who wish, have been allowed to express their views through its columns, although the views expressed, are frequently diametrically opposite to those entertained by the editor, while its numerous correspondents, such as "Lester Montrose," at the National College, "Columbus," at the Ohio Institution, and other valuable contributions have added greatly to the value of the paper and the entertainment of its readers.—*Kentucky Deaf-Mute.*

"Bounce" Him.

Deaf-mutes and others, in the west and elsewhere, are cautioned to beware of one Alexander Meisel, hailing from Chicago. Said Meisel is travelling through the country collecting money on false representations, and, in addition, is now wanted by the police of Rockford, Ill., for a robbery committed in a hotel in that place on the morning of Dec. 17th. He came to Rockford about the 11th, and none of the mutes who knew him caring to have him around, William Winslow took him to a hotel where he boarded, and secured him a room, even promising to pay his board for one or two days, not expecting him to stay longer. On the nights of the 16th and 17th, the hotel being crowded, Winslow assented to allow Meisel to share his room, and on the morning of the 17th he went to his work as usual, leaving Meisel in bed, telling him to lock up and give the key to the landlord when he went down. After Winslow's departure, Meisel arose, put on one of W's best suits, over which he put his own garments, then filled a trunk (the key of which he had seen Winslow hide,) of a valuable gold watch, chain and locket, pocket-book and contents, and a fine neck-scarf. He then went down, took breakfast, gave the key to the landlord, and left without exciting suspicion. When Winslow came home in the evening and went to change his clothes, he quickly discovered the theft, and as Meisel had left an article or two of his own which he had exchanged for Winslow's clean ones, there was no difficulty in telling who the thief was.

The hotel keeper at once made search, and found Meisel had taken the first train south, to Rochelle, Ill., whence he had started on a pass to Colorado.

If arrested, he will probably see the inside of Joliet for a number of years. The mutes of Rockford wish to notify tramping mutes, and others of doubtful character, who come here to visit uninvited, that the thing is now played out, and if they come they will please take care of themselves, as there are numerous hotels and boarding houses where they can secure accomodations cheap, by paying their bill in advance. If they haven't the money they had better keep away.—*Rockford Correspondent to the Advance.*

The Worcester Levee.

All day on February 21st, the Union Depot at Worcester, Mass., presented an unusual appearance. As each train arrived, eager faced young men ran forward and gazed into the face of each passenger who alighted. Now and then a sign of recognition and a hearty handshake followed by violent gestures and finger twistings explained that the parties were deaf and dumb.

The cause of the gathering was the Grand Levee of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Christian Union, which was to take place in the evening at the hall of the Reform Club.

The hall was opened at half-past six o'clock, at which hour a large number of deaf-mutes were waiting to be admitted.

The hall, which is a very fine and large one, was gaily decorated with oil-paintings and bunting.

On a table at the head of the room were spread the prizes and gifts that were to be distributed.

The company entertained themselves in conversation until about nine o'clock, when they were called to order, to allow Mr. W. H. Greene to explain the manner in which the prizes would be voted for and contested.

These were many and beautiful.

The first contest was between five ladies viz: Miss Lizzie M. Cole, Miss B. Chaffin, Mrs. W. T. Carter, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard and Miss Bosworth. The prize, an elegantly bound copy of the Bible, was to be given to the one who should say the Lord's Prayer (following the order of the words) most correctly in signs.

The judges were Prof. W. H. Weeks, Mr. O. J. Sanger and George A. Holmes.

They awarded the prize to Miss Lizzie M. Cole.

The next thing on the programme was the voting for the gold-headed cane. It was considered the most important event of the evening.

A preliminary ballot for candidates was taken, which resulted in the following—only one person being allowed from each State.

The candidate for Maine was Fred Littlefield, for New Hampshire, Frank P. Blodgett, for Vermont, Adin T. Reed, for Rhode Island Oscar Kinsman, for Massachusetts, George A. Holmes and for Connecticut, W. H. Weeks.

There was a good deal of exciting competition over this prize, but the result of the voting gave it to Prof. W. H. Weeks by a very large majority.

It was mingled with feelings of pleasure and tenderness, that Prof. Weeks, in a few remarks alluded to the generous and unexpected present which he had received, which brought forth great applause. Well did he deserve the gift, and we are sure no one who knows of the many kind and disinterested acts which he has performed in order to aid his fellow-mutes, but will rejoice with him in the possession of so beautiful token of the friendship which is felt for him, and the estimation in which he is held by the mutes of the New England States.

The next thing in order was the voting for a ladies' workbasket, to be presented to the lady receiving the most votes. The price of a ticket entitling the holder to one vote, was as in the voting for the gold-headed cane, fixed at ten cents.

It was voted to Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of Concord, N. H.

A spelling match (or, more properly speaking, a match to see who had the most retentive memory) was then introduced, and was as follows.

A very long and foreign word (which is not to be found in Webster's, or in any other dictionary) was written on a large slate. The contestants were allowed to take a single glance at it, when it was at once erased from the slate. The one who wrote the word correctly won the prize.

There were two contests of this character,—one for ladies and one for gentlemen, the prize in each case being a silver napkin ring.

The contest between the ladies, was won by Miss Cole, and that between the gentlemen, by Mr. E. A. Hodgson.

It being eleven o'clock the company marched to the dining hall, where a fine supper was served.

Returning to the hall, they again made merry, some in talking, others in dancing, games, etc., so that at one o'clock in the morning, the hall presented a scene of happy faces, supplemented with rapidly twisting fingers gazed upon by merry twinkling eyes.

A silk handkerchief, offered to the quickest and correct addition of several columns of figures, was won by Mr. John G. Tillinghast.

A gold scarf pin and another prize offered—the first for picking up from the floor a funnel-shaped piece of paper with the mouth, while at a certain distance from it, and without touching the hands to the floor, the second for catching between the teeth an orange suspended in mid air, and swinging to and fro—both were won by Mr. Carter, of South Boston.

A beautifully embroidered cigar box, full of cigars was set up at auction. Much excitement was manifested over it, the bidding being quite lively. It was finally knocked down to Mr. Wallace H. Krause, of Boston, for $4.50. Mr. Krause retailed the cigars at five cents each and succeeded in getting over $3,50, and still retaining about 30 or 40 cigars; so that, on the whole, he made a profit on the transaction.

There were present about one hundred and fifty deaf-mutes, and there is no doubt but every one was satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

To the Committee having charge of the affair, great praise is due for the admirable and efficient manner in which the levee was conducted, and Messrs. W. H. Green, C. F. Knight, George L. Miller, and D. C. Howe will be gratefully remembered by all who participated in the Grand Levee of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Christian Union, on February 21st, 1881.

Birthday Party.

"There's naught but care on every han,'
In every hour that passes O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?"

Early on the evening of February the 16th last, quite a number of Miss Sophie Sonneborn's friends assembled in the parlors of her parents' residence. The occasion was a birthday party, given to that young lady by her parents.

Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Reaves, Miss Nellie Weil and daughter, of fair Wyoming Valley, historically renowned, and which has been so graphically and picturesquely described by the poet, Campbell; the fair Miss Pancoast, and the Misses Maudle and Florence H. Jones.

Among those of the sterner sex present, were the famous Mr. Jacques Loew, gallant Mr. M. Heyman, Mr. E. Sonneine, missing his usual company; matter-of-fact Mr. F. Rotter, the Messrs. Guggenheimer, Greis and others.

Messrs. M. and J. Sonneborn, who managed the affair, certainly displayed good judgment in choosing the guests, as all were acquainted and kindly disposed to each other. Wit and humor were well represented, as might be seen from the merry faces and frequent bursts of laughter coming now from one group, now from another.

The Misses Sonneborn, that evening, appeared to be in the merriest mood, as in fact were all the parties present.

Miss Jones, always so lively and entertaining, surely, this evening, allowed her social powers full play.

The time was spent in dancing and social enjoyment, when refreshments, consisting of delicious cake and cream, were served. Later in the evening, we were called to partake of a sumptuous repast, which, while consisting of the best and richest viands, was made still more tempting by the manner in which they were served and the table dressed.

After having fully satisfied the wants of the inner man, thus recuperating ourselves for the coming hours' task of amusing and being amused, we continued the programme of the evening.

It is needless to say that the party was an entire success. Nothing occurred to interrupt the flow of gayety during the evening, and when at a late hour in the night, or rather at an early hour in the morning, the guests departed with the pleasantest feelings. It was with a sigh of regret that such joyous gatherings are so few and of such a short duration. May our friends, the Sonneborns, celebrate in this way, many happy anniversaries of their birthdays, and never, at such times, forget the Participants of their party," said one young man, as he passed out of the warm lighted parlors to the dark, cold streets, and many of his companions responded, "so mote it be."

PARTICIPANT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1881.

Why most Deaf-Mutes do not meet with Success.

On one hand, we see honest deaf-mutes struggling hard and encumbered with the ill-fortune of their lives disregarding disposition of the world towards them—struggling hard to establish a reputation and preserve it, which, if taken about as much care of as those of hearing persons, must needs go to the dogs. No one has any interest in their honest endeavours; no one is aware that they are laboring for a reputation and doubly so for any existence; only during their school life was friendly hands extended them, which they eagerly grasp as man in a dark chasm would a rope as it is let down to him.

It is true that exceptions occur, but these are only now and then, and in this I am not alluding to them.

Why is all this hard work on part of this class, when there are worthless, good-for-nothing hearing persons never troubling themselves about the beautiful role of existence. Yes, in fact, too worldly to think of that, yet even bask in the best of reputations and enjoy the best of society? Is it possible that two classes of human beings, both living upon the same soil, and that a civilized soil, can be widely different in estimation of their labors and equals? It is very plainly so with honest deaf-mutes as one class and the hearing and speaking world in general, as the other. Therefore, the question naturally arises. Why so?

It is owing to a larger class going by the same name—deaf-mutes, but they are purely the stumbling block of the honest class previously referred to. Let free from the school room upon a fine afternoon, when they deliver their essays, (if they can be called essays), they consider themselves "free men" thenceforward and think that all the labor done at the institutions in their behalf will allow them to live recklessly during life. This is the fatal mistake, fatal not only to themselves, but to others of their class as well, but they think not of this till it is too late. They give themselves up to the demon—strong drink, and in many ways so incur the hatred of others as to make them think that *deaf mutes as a class must be the same.* They go from house to house asking alms, thinking that, as they are deprived of two of their senses, they are entitled to charity. A striking proof of the fact that people think that deaf-mutes are all alike can be given by relating a single incident. Last summer, as I was in a store talking with some friends, a respectable dressed gentleman came in and claimed to represent a large mercantile firm. After a while, he looked at me and began to use his tongue. Of course I thought he was speaking to me and I politely informed him that I was deaf. A broad grin came over his face and he said: "No, my chicken. I have no money with me." The infernal jackass thought I expected a coin or two. If every mute he has met with in his travels has asked him for money, he cannot be blamed for thinking I deserved some too.

Thus are the striving, hard-working mutes retarded in their success by a greater number of others who are disgracing both themselves and their brother mutes. People are so blinded as to the true state of deaf-mutes that they cannot believe that there is an honest mute in the land, or that there is one who supports himself.

In the Institutions, the pupils are warned again and again of the awful effects of strong drink, or on the last day of their school life, their teachers fondly hope that they will make their mark in the world; but, alas! those boys, who, the day before leaving school, had so emphatically expressed their hatred of rum, can be seen two or three days afterwards at the bar with a friend (?) freely partaking of that stinging beverage. Rum is not the ill-fortune of mutes. There are many other causes, and the habits once contracted are well nigh impossible to break. And in nearly nine-tenths of the mutes they are nearly all formed, a fact fatal to the success of the class directly their reverse. Chiefly owing to this single fact, very few people can be found in this world who would take any interest in the efforts of the mutes belonging to the better class.

RENVILLE.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

On the evening of Thursday, Feb. 10th, Dr. I. L. Peet, our Principal, delivered a lecture in the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, on the Life and Character of Washington. Though the day was a very stormy one, a large audience assembled to hear the lecture, as it is well known that the Doctor's lectures are rare treats, and worth coming to hear through slush a foot deep. The receipts go to the Washington Heights Library.

William R. Mygatt, a lawyer from Chenango, Co., visited the class rooms on the 11th. He is the gentleman who presented the type-writer to the Institution for the benefit of the blind boy, J. H Caton, and armless Chas. McCormick. It has been found that they can write so readily on it that the Directors have bought one for each, and the skillful way they work them calls forth exclamations of surprise.

On the 14th inst., J. W. Lyons, who has been sick at home for the past three months, returned with his mother, and resumed his studies the next day. C. W. Hathaway, who also had been sick at home, returned Monday, the 14th inst.

As all the pupils had returned by St. Valentine Day and the lines of boys who had been arranged according to height in the fall were found not to be right, they were arranged anew, and many were the sighs when chums, who had sat together for the past six months, found themselves separated by some villain (?) who chanced to be an inch taller. The line is headed by the Canadian giant—Newman, and dwindles away till it comes to Freddie Baars, who brings up the tail end.

The Valentines received by the pupils varied in shape and style to such an extent that no two were alike. It has been found out that the biggest envelopes contain the worst trash, and the smallest one the reverse.

"Ah ha! a dainty envelope, that writing
Has a familar face.
I've seen it oft, my very eyes delighting
By its grace
And curves of beauty, like the angel fair
Who wrote it,
The ink, like jet, reminds me of her hair;
The seal—I've broke it,—
Is red as her sweet lips, I long to press,
Oh! long sought bliss!
A valentine of course, and I can guess
She sent me this.
I'll now unfold it: thinking, dear, of you—
What have I here?
'Dear sir, to Jones, your bill of fifty cents
Is due—for beer."

The boys here are very sorry to hear of the sickness of their champion runner, Michael McFaul, but hope to hear soon of his recovery.

The morning service on Sunday, the 13th, was delivered by Mr. W. G. Jones, and Dr. Peet, as usual, officiated in the afternoon. During the afternoon service, the little girls of Miss Montgomery's class delivered in concerted signs the hymn, "Just as I Am," in their usual fine style.

During the cold weather, the evenings have been spent in various ways by the pupils. Chess playing is one of the favorite modes of passing the time away with the older pupils, and some of them have become very good players. Vincent G. de Piners still holds the championship of the Institution, and he finds it difficult to induce any one to play with him, as certain defeat is invariably the result.

The coming great pedestrian match between England's champions, Rowell and Vaughan, and O'Leary and an Unknown, is much talked of here, and both sides find strong supporters.

On the 15th inst., we received the largest influx of visitors since the beginning of the year. The warm, spring-like weather seemed to have tempted them to call,

On the 16th inst., we were quite surprised to receive a call from Dr. Elliott, formerly physician of the Institution, and for many years after he left consulting physician. He was quite surprised at the improvements which he saw on every hand, which have been made since he was here last.

On the same day, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Depew, friends of Mr. Beamerd, the Steward, visited the class rooms.

Thursday, the 17th, brought us two new pupils, Sidney Edwards and Henry Schmermann. They were put in Mr. Jones' class.

G. L. Bingham, the North Carolina student, has been an inmate for the hospital the past week.

Death of Mrs. Olive S. Campbell.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am requested to send notice to your paper, of the sudden death of Mrs. Olive S. Campbell, of New Gloucester, Me., February 2d. Her funeral took place on Sunday. Bad travelling prevented relatives at a distance from attending; few present. Rev Samuel Rowe was present interpreting for mute mourners. Before her marriage she was Olive S. Curtis. Born in Leeds, Me., in 1808. She went to the American Asylum in 1825 under the late Laurent Clerc four years while the elder Gallaudet was Principal. A class mate with my first wife, a bright pupil. Olive married Abner P. Campbell, of Bowdoin, Me., 31 years ago. Mr. Campbell was at the American Asylum, a good fellow. Mrs. Campbell joined the church forty years ago, and an ardent friend, an affectionate sister, and industrious and faithful wife, her loss is a severe stroke to her husband who has the sympathy from his friends and, we hope, has consolation in thinking that her good traits have fitted her for a blessed rest.

THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., Feb. 19, '81

Correspondence.

[*Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.*]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Third Concert.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

"Are the Mental Faculties of Women Equal to those of Men?"

OTHER ITEMS.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Tempted out by the pleasant aspect of the weather, a large audience were in attendance at the third concert of the Sunday School, on Sunday, the 13th. President Gallaudet being absent in Delaware, Prof. Denison was in charge, and called the speakers in their order. For the occasion, "A Good Name" had been selected as the topic of discussion. Representatives from all the classes spoke at greater or less length upon the advantages accruing from a clear character. Prof. Fay gave a beautiful simple finish to the services by the quoting of Shakespeare's famous passage.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!"

The charity collection amounted to $4.50.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

this year will be observed as a holiday, by the cessation of recitations. No special programme has been arranged for the observation of the day, every one being at liberty to please himself. As there is to be a military and civil parade in the city, the students will find ample means of passing the day in an enjoyable manner.

At the last meeting of the

LITERARY SOCIETY

held two weeks ago, the marriage question was settled in favor of celibacy. This decision on the part of the students has met with some criticism from the pens of certain young ladies. To testify their disapprobation of the result, several pert young Misses have aired their opinions in letters to several of the students, in which they soundly lecture the judges. Nothing daunted by these facts, another question of much importance to the gentler sex came up for discussion at the meeting last evening. The question considered was "Are the mental faculties of women equal to those of men?" and the discussion which followed, is regarded as the best display of arguments of any debate this year. In defence of the affirmative side of the question, Mr. Fox, '83 lead, being ably assisted by Mr. Kerney, '85. On the part of the negative, Mr. Smith, '83, proved an able leader, and had for an assistant, Mr. Collins, '85. From the opening of the arguments to the final close, the utmost cupidity was shown by the contestants. The statements and counter statements followed in such rapid order and were so evenly balanced, that when the case was given to the judges, a long discussion ensued. Finally, after considering the number of points gained by each side, and the general character of the arguments, the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. So the girls are our equals, and as that decision has been reached by a society of students, the young ladies need not vote us a set of ignoramuses. It is not strange the last debate should have ended adversely for marriage. Young men who are compelled to struggle four years for the honor of being a *bachelor*, have no desire to change their titles in a hurry. Besides the debate, the programme of the evening contained an essay on "Words," by Mr. Palmer, '84; a dialogue between Messrs. Hammer, '81, and Robinson, '84; and a declaration by Allabough, '84. The essay was well prepared, and delivered in a fine manner. The side-splitting laughter which attended the rendering of the dialogue proved its merits, while the applause following the declaration, showed how well it was appreciated.

It will be seen from President Gallaudet's communication in last week's JOURNAL, that a full preparation will be required by candidates for admission. If those who intend to seek admission, will follow the suggestion of applying for specimen examination papers, they will discover something new. The general complaint of candidates, who fail in passing examination, is that formerly their idea of an examination was quite different from the reality. It cannot be denied that at the Institutions much laxity is shown in the process of inquiry as to the pupils' advancement. The result is that they get into the habit of being careless, well knowing that the result will be about the same either way. Candidates who intend coming to the college, with the idea that such is the case here, will find it to their advantage to dispel the delusion. Our examinations, are *real, earnest, and thorough*, and require a full preparation in order to pass them successfully.

BASE BALL MATTERS.

Since the weather has put on its pleasanter aspect, there has been some discussion as to the composition of Kendall's new base ball nine. Things are quite potentous this year in our base ball circles. Of the old nine, but two men remain, and it is not certain whether the new selections will be able to come up to the required standard. What makes matters worse, is that the club has a score to settle with the Georgetown University men, and need to do hard work to get back their laurels. Yet there is material from which a good nine can be formed, if a good manager is chosen. With a captain who will keep his men in good form and require daily practice, Kendall's old fame can be held as high as ever.

CHIPS.

Who is going to the Inauguration Ball?

Kelly, '81, is reported as being in a serious condition. Ailment, lungs.

Hot water is a luxury unknown to the college bath rooms. Wait till next Summer boys.

The Appropriation Bill before Congress contains an item for $53,500 for the support of the Institution and $3,240 for furnishing the gymnasium.

We don't wonder that the New York boys admire the college buildings. No deaf-mute Institution in the country equals them. Come along and have a look.

March 4th, being a legal holiday, the Lit. will hold no meeting. The final literary meeting of the term will be held on the evening of March 18th.

The Hare and Hound club will turn out this afternoon. Very likely a good run will be enjoyed, as every thing seems favorable for a long chase.

Last week's flood came very near running away with several of the students who were anxious to see how the Long Bridge stood the hurricane. They postponed their investigations indefinitely.

For the benefit of the new "uns," we are authorized to state that the H. O. S. S. will be in active operation next September. All new students will be accorded a most hearty reception and be enrolled under the honorable brotherhood of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 19, 1881.

"COLUMBUS."

ATTACKS UPON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE INSTITUTION BY SOME UNKNOWN PERSON WHICH WILL NOT HOLD WATER—CONFERENCE OF THE TRUSTEES AND LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE OF THE INSTITUTION, AND WHAT THEY SAID—SMALL TALK IN WHICH "MR. WHY" COMES IN FOR A SHARE.

The occurrence of the fire in one of the school rooms of the building, mention of which was made in our last letter, has furnished some one, evidently not friendly towards the institution, a text on which to write up the general discipline of its inmates, and at the same time, get in a lick or two at the Trustees.

The medium he has selected in which to air his views, is the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and nearly every day this week, the paper has had something to say about the management of the Institution.

The author claims that a general pandemonium prevailed among the pupils, and that the officers were powerless to quell or get them under restraint and a great deal more of the same stuff, which is more imaginary than real.

The resident Trustee, Mr. F. C. Sessions, has come in for a good share of criticism, because it is alleged that he took upon himself too much power in running things about the place and that he dictated certain appointments against the protest of Mr. Fay. Mr. Sessions informed us the other evening that he had never, since his connection with the institution, dictated a single appointment, notwithstanding contrary statements.

A Reporter of the *Dispatch*, of this city, had an interview with Mr. Sessions in regard to the matter which is herewith given:

"A reporter of the *Dispatch* called upon Mr. F. C. Sessions, one of the Trustees, to day to inquire whether a pandemonium existed there, as alleged. Either the correspondent is badly misinformed, or Mr. Sessions does not know anything about the business he was appointed to look after. Those who know his methodical qualifications to attend to public or private business, need not be told that he understands what he is talking about when he says the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is in as good condition as it ever was.

"'Turning off old attendants' is one of the statements of the *Enquirer*. 'Is there anything in that?' asked the reporter.

"*Mr. Sessions*—'When the present Board, two of them are Democrats, came into authority, by virtue of a law legislating the previous administration out of office, all the old employes were retained except the engineer, assistant engineer, and the night watchman. They were not re-elected because Superintendent Fay desired new men. He said he was afraid the concern would blow up, the engineer was away so much, and not of steady habits. The night watchman was found intoxicated in the building.

"'In speaking of these changes,' continued Mr. Sessions, 'I do not include Steward Filler and the Doctor. They were both clever men; but we put in Mr. Wakefield as Steward, a man of nineteen years' experience in the position, and Dr. D. N. Kinsman, one of the best physicans in the city.'

"'Your Board is charged with having meddled with Mr. Fay, until he concluded to leave?' said the reporter, referring to the *Enquirer* article.

"'That again,' continued Mr. Sessions, 'was not the case. We did not, as a Board, and I did not, in my individual capacity, interfere with the management in any way. We went in there and said to Mr. Fay: You know all about this institution. If there is anything we can do to help you, mention it, and we are at your service. He managed the building and we ratified his work. He told us he left it because he had a chance to go into a private school for $2,000 per annum, where politics could not reach him. It would be a permanent situation. He said he had spent half his life in his work, and that if he was ever legislated out of office he couldn't do any other business. He thought it was prudent to provide himself and family with a permanent place when it was offered. If he waited until he was legislated out, there might not be a permanent place open elsewhere.'

"*Reporter*—'Who is in charge out there now?'

"*Mr. Sessions*—'Mr. Talbot, who was a teacher there for seven years, until he went to take charge of the Iowa Deaf and Dumb School. In Iowa, after he had served them faithfully and well for several years, he was superceded by a newspaper man who wanted a place. He was asked to resign, and other changes have followed. I am told by the employes, that there was never better order in the building than there is under Mr. Talbot's management, and I believe it. He was a Superintendent in Iowa fifteen years.'

"'I desire to say further, that all action taken by the Board in these changes was unanimous, and without mental reservation. We have never made a change that was not recommended by the Superintendent, except in the case of the physican and steward. The Board was unanimous in making these changes. Dr. Finch, of Portsmouth, named the new night watchman.'"

The Trustees of the institution held their regular monthly meeting Wednesday last, and transacted nothing of importance. In the evening there was a conference between them and the Legislative Committee on Benevolent Institutions, and Dr. Scott, chairman of the finance committee, to take into consideration the present needs of the school. While the committee favored the demands asked in support of the current expenses for the coming year, yet it did not strike them sufficiently that the enlargement of the institution at this time was of paramount importance, or if an addition was needed, they preferred that a new institution should be founded, in some other locality of the State. At present, however, the committee were of the opinion that the comforts of the Insane of the State were more pressing and needed attention.

Regarding the memorial for increased salaries from the teachers, the committee did not deem it best to grant the request, for the reason that it would afford a precedent for other institutions to come before the legislature for similiar favors.

The committee were entertained with a substantial supper, and on the occasion, the fountain in the hallway was in its glory, having been decked with blooming geraniums and other plants from the "Russel."

St. Valentine's Day brought with it an unusual number of cartoons, both ugly and pretty, among the pupils here. Some of the teachers were not forgotten, one of them receiving a dozen or more, sent him by his pupils, for which the senders spent their money in a useless effort, as all were torn up and consigned to the waste-basket without being looked at.

Mrs. Mary B. Swan, a former Assistant Matron here, has been a guest of the institution since Mr. Talbot took charge of it.

The first ripe tomato for the year made its appearance from the "Russel" this week, but we didn't care to price it, knowing that it was a luxury beyond our reach at this season.

"Mr. Why" in his last witicisims, wonders if we are a first-class cook. We are not much acquainted with the cuisine of the kitchen, but think if brought to extremes we could get up our own hash, or perhaps if we were a Cannibal and "Mr. Why" should fall into our clutches, we might be able to serve him up so thoroughly that every correspondent of the JOURNAL would wish a bite of him.

"Mr. Why's" identity is still a matter of perplexity among the "Columbus fellows" but we are getting pretty near him, and will be able to hold him up to the curious gaze of the thousand and one persons of whom he has written things nice and otherwise.

COLUMBUS.

2-19-'81.

Flint Notes.

Of all the pupils who are to graduate at the end of the present school term, only one has seen a quarter of a century.

The "ides of July" have become an all-absorbing study to our youthful friend of boot and shoe renown.

The examination fever at the Institution is no longer visible, but the result still remains in the shape of arithmetical figures, varying according to how the pupils shot at the questions assigned them.

Prof. S. H. Howard, of chess fame, shed a torrent of tears because there were no more worlds to be added to his list of conquests. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

One of Flint's deaf-mutes, after glancing over the last Biennial Report of the Michigan Institution, pronounced it as dry as a lecture on "Women's Rights" was to the auditory nerves of a filibustering politician. It is in itself a world of mathematical figures, which would require years for the oldest financiers to circumnavigate.

For the enlightenment of your Detroit correspondent respecting the proposed picnic to be held at Saginaw the coming summer, it is only necessary to state than it is to be a private affair, in accordance with the wishes of certain individuals, and that he is cordially invited to attend.

The Literary Society of the Institution, has reached the zenith of its greatness, and is sailing in peaceful waters. A vast amount of literary talent has been displayed of late by the decisions rendered on the various topics which have been discussed.

C. C. Colby, who has lately been contributing some melodious "taffy" to the JOURNAL for its readers to digest, has come out with an appeal to the deaf-mutes of Michigan to aid in furnishing funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of an old and honored worker in the cause of deaf-mute education. Beneath the late *Remizer* man's rough exterior, there beats a heart whose index of story might tell the history of a philanthropist, as demonstrated by the fact that he allows the *Remizer* to lie undisturbed and without a slab to mark the spot.

In the boys' study room at the Institution, may be seen a large, fine portrait of the National Deaf-Mute College building at Washington, D. C. We wonder if any of the pupils now pursuing the rudiments of an education, are looking forward to the time when they may be numbered among the Solons of that noble edifice, and whose wonderful stock of conceit no one can fathom. Michigan has only one representative in College now, and a Belgian descendant, whose poetical genius is as yet in its infancy, as evidenced from his production entitled, "A Song-Sung to Detroit."

In his account of the grand sleigh ride down hill on the "mammoth bobs" belonging to the "Castle of Silence," the Secretary of the Coasting Club concluded in the following words, which are more sweet to mortal ears than Orphean lyres: "All had a 'lovely' time."

Chicago Correspondence.

A mute from Brooklyn by the name of McBain, is reported to be in Chicago. He is a tailor by trade.

J. M. T. Davis has suddenly turned up in our midst. He is selling alphabet cards.

Attie Levi now announces that her folks will probably move to New York before another year.

A deaf-mute hailing from Canada, named McIver, can be seen in the city now and then peddling matches.

Once more Mrs. Andrews leaves her husband and Chicago. This time she goes to Ohio, where she expects to remain about a year.

Mrs. Skinner, a semi-mute, and widow of the late Dr. Skinner, founder of colored deaf-mute instruction in America, is occupying temporary quarters in Chicago.

We are fortunate enough to have a mute that enjoys the dignified title of Judge. He is a good-natured fellow, medium sized, and weighs 175 pounds,—on which account it is claimed that he cannot sit on a common chair without its cracking.

Rev. Stephen Wood, of Lost Nation, Iowa, is the guest of Prof. Emery. He is pastor of a church at the above named town, is a venerable gentleman of culture, being 67 years of age. For several years, he was connected with a college, and was a schoolmaster many years. In all, he has been engaged in educational work forty years. By special request, he preached to a number of mutes on the 29th of last month, at the residence of Mr. Emery.

The most regular attendant at Rev. Mann's Episcopal services is the much abused D. W. George. The alleged attacker of Episcopalism stated, lately, that to his certain knowledge, he has not missed the services a half a dozen times for four years His present residence is but two blocks from the church, but our jolly Webby does not attend because of the proximity of his residence to the House of God. He goes to encourage the sower of spiritual seeds in his labors, as well as to enjoy what he calls "a good sermon." It is a fact worthy of notice that, aside from the distasteful and tiresome church forms he undergoes, Rev. Mann does about first rate.

On the 22d of last month, Prof. Emery received a letter from Mr. Garrick Malleny, Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. A., asking him to please prepare and send him (the Colonel) a complete description of the sign-language as used by the deaf and dumb. To this request, the Professor replied, as your correspondent understood, that he would gladly furnish the desired information at his earliest convenience. Such a work is wanted for preservation in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., to use in connection with a work on Indian sign-language.

A party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Emery on the 12th inst. Friends contributed their mite until a sung little sum was collected, and a handsome hanging, or center lamp was purchased and presented to the Emerys. Mrs. Emery also received a very beautiful gold breast-pin and a scarf as birth-day presents, the occasion being her one-day-too-soon-birth-day. We had a late supper and made the best of everything. Among those present were Mrs. Cotton, Roth, George, Raffington; Misses Levi, Arson, Jones; Messrs. Cotton, George, "Judge Roth," Kingon and several hearing persons.

J. E. G.

Snowflakes from Michigan.

To quote "Mr. Why," "we wonder if our pen has grown rusty, ink frozen and ourselves fallen into oblivion, owing to such a long silence from the JOURNAL's columns. Our prolonged silence is not due to Epizootic as "C. C. C—y" thinks, but for want of time, energy and lastly, deaf-mute news. Though we are located between Detroit and Flint where deaf-mutes are plentiful, we have as yet seen none except Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Urch occasionally, therefore rather than have our articles dumped in the waste-basket, or have what part was worth reading put in the item column of the JOURNAL, we preferred to remain silent. As no deaf-mutes have turned up yet, and very likely will not for ages, we will try and write something that will prove readable to those who care to read it.

During the early part of December, Mr. and Mrs. Urch, with whom many of the Michigan mutes are familiar, went to Toledo and Southern Michigan visiting relatives and friends, and enjoyed themselves very much. The homesickness of their little daughter compelled them to return in time to spend Christmas at home.

Our thanks and regrets are due to "Prince" and "Bay," of Detroit, for an invitation to their "Grand Hop" Christmas Eve, which we were unaole to attend, for several reasons. As we dearly love excursions, we hope "Bay" will send us an invitation in the summer to the Picnic wherever it be.

We are glad that G. C. M., of Detroit, has taken upon himself the responsibility of becoming "Detroit's regular correspondent for the JOURNAL." He is the right person, and we wish him success, and sincerely hope he will stick to it and not give up in despair. We know there are a good many intelligent deaf-mutes in Michigan, who, if they only had time or courage to write, could probably outshine "Lester Montrose" and "Mignon" if they chose.

The JOURNAL comes regularly to us and we enjoy reading it ever so much, and we can say with truth it is one of the *best* deaf-mute papers now in existence, and probably that ever will be; besides it has a widely extended circulation and the greatest number of correspondents, who endeavor their best to make the news spicy and interesting.

"The College Ball" or more properly, subject, is still rolling, and bids fair to become an instance of perpetual motion. We heartily wish the walls of a "Female College" were already looming upward and the subject would be less threadbare and the reality too good to realize, and then wouldn't those who are in the opposition to the affair be compelled to "grin and bear it?"

By the way, we have been puzzling ourselves as to who "Judge DeCourcey" is. His articles and letters are just splendid, and his recent article on "Dumb" brought the tears to our eyes. We would give any thing to know other than his *nom de plume*, and wouldn't mind scraping his acquaintance some way or other.

We most sincerely wish Rev. Job Turner would come to Detroit or Flint sometime in the future, for we have not forgotten him and the visit he made at the Flint Institution about three years ago. He is the most pleasant deaf-mute gentleman advanced in years that we ever had the honor to know, and every time we see his name or articles in the JOURNAL we have his genial countenance in our mind as we saw it last at Flint, while he was telling the amusing story of a Fan *vs.* Bellows at examination, for the pupils to write about.

They have been holding revival meetings at the M. E. Church here for the past two weeks. We attended some of the meetings, but if we are a Baptist, we were not drawn into the "Methodist Fold," though we are interested in them.

Can anything be more beautiful?

"What is eternity?" was a question once asked at the Deaf-Mute Institution at Paris, and the beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils: "The lifetime of the Almighty."

Our article is getting too lengthy, and we fear Mr. Hodgson will send it to "where the woodbine twineth" if we don't make our exit very soon. Therefore we will briefly say adieu for the present.

Very sincerely,
NEWCOMER.

VALLEY OF SNOW, 2-14-'81.

NEW YORK.

The Manhattan Literary Association.

DR. GALLAUDETS' LECTURE.

Helping the "Building Fund" Along.

WEDDINGS — FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

The Coming Election.

PROMINENT CANDIDATES.

Squibs, Etc.

It is with sincere pleasure that the writer is able to inform the readers of the JOURNAL that the Manhattan Literary Association is in an exceedingly prosperous condition. The state of things is greatly due to the efficiency of its president, Theo. H. Frochlich, who has labored hard for its advancement, and has endeavored to make it, both in name and fact, the first association of its kind in the country. His success has been marked, and now his term of office is about expiring. He does not seek a re-election, but can the M. L. A. afford to dispense with the services of one who has done so much for its welfare, and in his place put another who has never been tried? No, it can't; the experiment is too risky.

Since the beginning of the new year, the intellectual treats furnished the mutes of this vicinity, by the M. L. A. have been excellent. The first was a lecture by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, whose subject was upon his travels in Europe. This, on account of the great respect in which he is held, combined with his well-known descriptive powers and an easy use of the sign-language, attracted the largest and most intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen which we have ever witnessed at a similar entertainment in the rooms of the club. The week following, a lively debate took place. On the 10th inst., the Reverened gentleman resumed his lecture, where he had dropped it, on account of want of time when he last appeared before the association. The evening was very disagreeable, it having rained steadily all day, and reduced the snow to that magnificent compound, slush, which can only be seen and appreciated in all its grandeur in the city. Notwithstanding the state of the weather, a fair sized audience, including many ladies, were present, all of whom, undoubtedly, felt amply repaid by the intellectual repast they enjoyed for any discomforts experienced in reaching the hall in which it was held. At each lecture, gentlemen not members of the association, were charged a small price for admission, the net proceeds of which being donated to the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

"Should a person obey a law which he thinks wrong?" was the question before the association last Thursday evening. It was handled vigorously, *pro* and *con*, for about an hour and a half, and ended in favor of the latter by a very small majority. Notwithstanding this we would not advise those mutes who are in the habit of standing around St. Ann's Church on Sunday afternoons while the service is being conducted inside, when told to "move on" by a six-footer in blue coat with brass buttons, not to do so, because they happen to think the law which the "cop" enforces, is wrong.

We have noticed that weddings among mutes are getting to be few and far between. Why this state of things should exist, we cannot explain. Certainly, it is not for the want of handsome and intelligent young ladies, for there are legions of them, willing and anxious to assume the matrimonial yoke. Times are said to be good, and the mutes, as a general thing, are doing well; yet, Hymen is avoided. We confess we are a bachelor, but not from choice. Our case can best be decided from the following lines:

"Fain would I love, but I fear,
I quickly would the willow wear;
Fain would I marry, but men say,
When love is tied he will away;
Then tell me, muses, what shall I do,
To quiet these fears whene'er I woo?"

On the 28th inst., the Manhattan Literary Association will hold a special meeting for the purpose of nominating officers for the ensuing year. If the present incumbent of the first office in the gift declines a re-nomination, Mr. John Wilkinson is the right man to succeed him. He is a gentleman of culture, being a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and has not been mixed up in the "grabs," which has, for some time past, distinguished certain other members; is an advocate of economy when it can be done without injuring the association's standing, and always sympathizes with and defends his own class from oppression with vigor and ability. Adolph Ekartd is the most likely candidate for Secretary, he having held that office before. The only fault found with Mr. Clarke is his inability, on account of his business, to attend the meetings as often as desired. When absent, he is represented by an "assistant," but this, during the past year, was the cause of considerable trouble and annoyance. To avoid a repetition of this kind in the future, it would be well to elect a new man.

SQUIBS.

Mr. and Mrs. Kearth, of Brooklyn, celebrated their Crystal Wedding last Saturday evening.

The party which was to have been tendered to Miss Elnora C. Gray upon her return from Cincinnati, has been given up owing to the near approach of the Lenten season and other causes.

In a certain town, a gentleman of color being suspected of emptying the chicken roosts of other people without their consent, when all but caught in the act says:

"I hain't seen nuffin of yer chickens! Do yer took me for a thief? Do yer see any chickens 'bout me? Go 'way, dar, white man! Treat a boy 'spectable if he am brack!"

The last number of the *Lantern* has a lengthy article headed "Trades are the best." Yes, when taste or inclination leads in that direction, it is certainly best for a mute to learn a trade, but how about those who desire to follow a mercantile course of life. Should they be forced to learn a trade which is distasteful to them? Herein lies the secret of the failure of institution shops to turn out more good workmen than they do. It is of no use trying to make a good shoe maker out of a lad who is a born artist. Neither can you make a good printer out of one whose habits and education fit him for the plough or anvil. The assertion that very few mutes can manage business of their own successfully, or that they would be cheated, is an insult to every intelligent mute in the country, unintentionally perhaps, but nevertheless one.

We have known some mutes who think it smart to belittle the efforts of others who are endeavoring to better their condition in life. If they desire to obtain the respect of those whose approbation is worth having, they should stop at once and for all time.

"If Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you *speak*, to whom you *speak*,
And *how* and *when* and *where*."

AMERICUS.

Feb. 21, '81.

Syracuse Notes.

We are much surprised that one of our friends, Mr. Charles B. West, a former pupil of the New York School, is going to marry a mute young lady by the name of Miss Addie Field, who lives in Pompey, on the 22d of this month, and we wish him success. He is working in the Syracuse Plow Factory, and gets $2 a day. He gets more wages than all the mutes in this city except our friend, Mr. George D. Connor. I will send you some news after Mr. West gets married.

Last week, we went to the museum at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. We first saw a dwarf woman who is 27 years old and 41 inches in height and who weighs 46 pounds. Also her husband, who is 38 years old and weighs 49 pounds. I was surprised to find that the lady could talk to me with her fingers on both hands, so I asked her some questions. Her name was Mrs. Rebecca A. Steere. I asked her what her name was before she was married, and she said it was Miss Rebecca A. Myers, and has a deaf and dumb mother and an uncle, too. She wrote the following:—

"I was born near Plymouth, Ind. My height is forty-one inches and weight forty-six pounds. My people are large, fleshly people. They are farmers, and raise lots of cattle and hogs. I was married in Rochester, N. Y., March 7th, 1880, at the Whilcom House, and had a big time, we were with the Lelliputian Opera Company at the time, and they had ten little people and one Giant man. I wish that you was going to stay all the evening, I take great pleasure in writing to you. I hope that we may meet in Heaven if we do not meet again on earth. My husband was born in Gloucester, R. I. His people are common sized, and they are famous, too.

"The Caucasian girl says that she saw your photograph with a young lady down in the gallery. I take delight in writing to you because you cannot hear, and whenever you want to know anything, I will tell you."

I would like to ask her some more questions, but I have to go to see the show—Buffalo Bill at the Writing House. It is the best show we have ever seen. If any mute should visit the museum, Mrs. Steere will be glad to see them, and will be glad to talk with any mutes.

Yours truly,
N. BROWN.

Some More Good Advice.

FREE GRATIS FOR NOTHING.

BY MR. WHY.

["Never offer advice, but where there is some probability of its being followed."]

Always pry into the affairs of another by asking him, how much his clothes cost; where he got that shocking bad hat; how much he makes a day, or what his salary is; why he don't get married; whether it is true that his grand-father was a rag-picker and his grand-mother a washerwoman; why he don't speak to Mr. Gab, and so on. It shows the deep and abiding interest you take in him. If he does not cheerfully answer all your polite questions, but calls you an impertinent, meddling old fool, set him down at once as one of those fellows who are "so much afflicted with self conceit that they are disinclined to associate freely with" such sensible persons as you are.

In conversing with a person, be as absent minded as possible and look at him with a far-away, dreamy sort of stare, as if you were gazing through and beyond him into infinite space, and force him to repeat what he is saying two or three times before you condescend to come down from the sphere of your lofty contemplations and notice him. It is a sure sign of genius, and shows great respect for the speaker, who will have an exalted opinion of the gigantic intellect that can soar away into the realms of space, and will make him feel like jumping on your corns, to attract your valuable attention, or slipping away and leaving you standing on a street corner to commune with your own sweet thoughts.

Always try to force yourself into the confidence of others, and if they give you their confidence be quick to betray it. You will thus soon become the repository of all the secrets of your acquaintances, and be considered a special acquisition and accorded the seat of honor in any company of gossips. You will also be cordially—detested by all decent people.

Be familiar with every body. The old saying that familiarity breeds contempt, was exploded last year. As soon as introduced, slap Mr. Jones on the back, chuck Miss Smith playfully under the chin, and nudge old Mrs. Robinson in the short ribs with your sharpest elbow. They will all think you a hail fellow well met, and when it comes to parting, they will all shout in chorus, *Vale!* fellow well got rid of!

Make a great parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people, and no not forget to mention, with emphasis, that you are a descendant of a notable family. Every body will, no doubt, consider it as evidence of genuine worth on your part, and thus you can pass for what you are not—until found out and shown where to find the door knob.

In making calls, the rule is either to go late and stay early, or go early and stay late. On the first instance, you make a test of friendship, for none but friends worth having will cheerfully get out of their snug beds, especially at this time of year, at ten o'clock and sit shivering in their night clothes listening to your entertaining (?) talk by the hour. In the second instance, you give your friend an opportunity to exercise the virtues of hospitality by inviting you to stay to tea. Be careful to avail yourself of the opportunity to criticise every thing on the table. Tell the good wife gently, but firmly, that her bread is sour, the tea nothing but warm slops and the steak not done as it should be; or as you are accustomed to have it. She will blush with surprise and pleasure, and be eternally grateful if—you never set foot in the house again.

On entering a house, look around sharply and observe *every thing*, the carpets, walls, ceiling and furniture, with a view to a detailed description at the next place you call; select the best chair in the room, one that has not the rheumatism in its back or legs; sit down in it with a thump, to let every body know that *you* are there; tilt your hat on the back of your head and the chair on its hind-legs; elevate your feet on the mantle or table, so that it can be seen that you can afford to wear No. 10 boots and don't go barefooted, and proceed to make yourself at home. As it is the aim of a good host to make his guests feel at home, he will be delighted at these evidences of his success. Open the conversation by referring to the weather, for, as you have just come in out of it, you are supposed to bring the latest news concerning it. Having regaled the company on this topic for at least an hour, proceed to enlarge upon your bodily infirmities. For instance, you may give minute particulars of the birth, infancy, maturity and collapse from old age of your latest boil; you are not bound, however, by any of the rules of etiquette to exhibit it. You may next branch off to agriculture, and brag a little about the promising crop of corns you expect to harvest soon, and the pains, anxieties and tribulations you experience in raising them, and so on for an hour or two. Having faithfully followed all these instructions to the letter, you can rise to go, feeling that you have performed a solemn duty that you owe your fellow men, and depart with the serene consciousness that you have—made an unconscionable ass of yourself.

"Little Rep" will greatly oblige us if she will kindly inform Miss Garrett that she was mistaken in her "think." We did not hang our head in shame on reading "Archimedes'" remarks on our article. We did the very opposite, for we threw our head *back* and laughed out loud. Reason why—*some* of the information on which that article was based came from the very place "Archimedes" writes from. We wish also to inform "Archimedes" that we are not opposed to articulation, for we can "articulate" a little ourself and know the value of it; and we did not write that article to attack articulation, but simply to call attention to a *fact*, and if we have succeeded we shall be content.

"Mignon," you are on the wrong tack. If you will read over that "little piece" that gave you offense, you will see that it is signed "Mr. Why Why," who is quite a different person from simple "Mr. Why." We suspect that the fellow who so vehemently denied being "Mr. Why" is in reality "Mr. Why Why," or part of him. Open your vials of wrath on *him*, my dear.

"Judge DeCoursey" is very poetic and abundantly endowed with the article known as "gush,"—*vide* his remarks on "Jealousy." He is, however, very unfortunate in selecting his illustrations, and in the conclusion he comes to at the end. Can not a person *honestly* differ from the gushing "Judge" without being jealous? If no, what must those from whom *he* differs think of *him*? Have not some very good arguments been put forth by the opponents of Miss Fuller and himself? If not, why don't he smash them instead of flinging "jealousy" in the writers' faces? That is no argument. Are not some, at least, of those who differ from him and who have signed their real names to their articles, (whose intelligence he questions) quite as intelligent and well informed as he or Miss Fuller are? If not, why don't he show wherein they are lacking? In conclusion, we will say that we have read Milton and admire him greatly, but hope the "Judge" will not accuse us of being "jealous" of Milton or himself, or think we are a "relic of barbarism," like "Lucifer," a "Roman" or a "Jew," when we inform him that, although the story of Lucifer is very fine, we do not believe one word of it.

Now, good friends, one and all, good bye! We sharpened our pen and crawled out of our hole for a purpose. That end having been gained, we now return to our retreat, where we shall remain unless the occasion arises again which called us forth. Again good-bye. Forget there ever was a "Mr. Why." Be good, read the JOURNAL and you will be happy.

College Aspirants.

There has been a great deal said about the college for girls. Miss Fuller started a plan that seems the only one likely to succeed. At first, it seemed that everybody became suddenly aware that a higher education was just the thing needed for girls. Soon, however, the novelty wore off, and as "Judge DeCoursey" remarked, Miss Fuller has been left entirely alone to fight her way the best she can. No one seems brave or kind enough to come forward and help her, although all along the girls have been bewailing their sad fate, having no college to attend. Now that Miss Fuller has opened the way, the college aspirants seem to have dropped out of sight, and removed all traces of their disappearance.

When Miss Fuller presented the plan, some of the writers of the JOURNAL sprang up, and endeavored to show there was no need for a higher education for girls, saying the various institutions scattered all over the country had ample means for fitting a girl for the "*Battle of Life*." Another said they, (the girls) did not avail themselves of the opportunities offered them while at school.

Now, I think this exceedingly unkind in the gentlemen at least, for the majority of teachers (male) have received a college education, and are better qualified to teach than a girl who has only had a moderate education. Yes, I say moderate, because an education received at an institution compared with one received at college, is moderate.

To be sure, a girl will sometimes obtain a situation as teacher in an institution, but she does not obtain it as readily or easily as a college graduate does, and then she is never put in charge of as high a class as he is, because she is not considered as competent, having been educated on a more moderate scale, and it often happens that she has more mouths than her own to fill.

I know that all young ladies could not go, for various reasons. Some may marry, others have a mother's place to fill, the mother having passed away, others for the reason that mother is getting old, and needs some one to look after the house, and to attend to the sewing. But this does not include all, there are hundreds left, that could easily go. I feel sure it will be established in spite of all that is said in opposition, and in time, those that have been working against it, will come forward and own it has, indeed, been a blessing. So girls, come forward and speak out, take one step in the right direction, and you will never regret it.

ANNABEL LEE.

CINCINNATI.

Leibstein, the fellow from New York, was a great joker. He did not put in appearance at the place of his work. He was joking when he told me that he got a situation, and might also be joking in saying that his name was Leibstein. He was successful in drawing greenbacks. He borrowed a couple of greenbacks from a prominent member of the A. L. S. F., and lit out for parts unknown.

Tommy Breen's brother, of Philadelphia, is still in this vicinity—been doing in Newport, (not Rhode Island)—a classic burg opposite Cincinnati, over the river. He says he expects to return home next week and get his share of the property, and may settle down there.

The Mammoth Tobacco Factory of Hahn, Weil & Co., in this city, failed last week and consequently several mutes who worked there were thrown out of work.

There was a strike in the office of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* last week, and about fifty compositors left their cases. Among those who "rattled" it, was a deaf-mute type-setter. I am unable to learn his name, as the office was barricaded, and no one but employers could get in.

The *Enquirer* of the 14th inst., contained the following item: "'Dummy' Wiles, who fell and broke his leg on Central avenue a few weeks ago, will be given a benefit, 'masquerade', at Dorman's Hall, on the evening of Washington's Birthday."

William Towers, who hails from Gotham, has just arrived in "Paris of America." He is following the profession of show-card writer, and is on his way to New Mexico, where he expects to better his luck. He is a gentleman of fine address and full of gayety, and I am inclined to disbelieve the previous illreports about him.

"Mr. Why" says that I am "Sojerin' for fat." Yes, I am; but how on earth did he find it out?

The second number of the *Lantern* has been received here, and is neatly printed and well edited. I suppose in the due course of time, when all the land is enlightened, the "Electric Lamp" will displace the *Lantern*. At any rate, we wish this new candidate in the field of journalism abundant success.

The *Commercial* and *Enquirer* have been opening fire on the mismanagement of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Columbus. Here is the one I clipped from the *Commercial*:

FIRE AT THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

There was a slight fire last night at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, which, though resulting in an inconsequential loss, is said to-day to have been caused by one of the inmates. The fire was on the first floor, accessible from the outside windows, which were found unfastened to-day. It is said that some of the inmates were dissatisfied with the management of the building, which has been slack of work, as will be explained elsewhere, and idleness is said to have bred mischief. It is hinted that the managers of the institution are not as responsible for this as the Trustees, and the *Dispatch* recalls a conversation had with a former State officer of unimpeachable veracity, who said he had it from Mr. Fay himself that the reason he resigned the Superintendency was because the Trustees, or some of them, in his judgment, trenched upon the management of affairs, which he thought should have been left to him. He said he would not accept the great responsibilities attached to the care and management of so many children, unless he was allowed to take care of them and manage them in the way experience led him to believe was best. He went, says the gentleman, to Connecticut, where he is not a superintendent, and where he is not receiving as much pay as he received in Ohio, because he was interfered with in his management here.

Feb. 16. MERCURY.

Catawissa.

DEAR EDITOR:—On Saturday evening I returned home, after more than two weeks' absence at Northumberland and Danville. I had a fine time with mute and speaking friends, who treated me with all their power, both sociably and entertainingly.

On Thursday forenoon, the 16th of this month, I had the pleasure of attending the wedding at my speaking cousin's residence in Danville; her daughter, named Anna Bausant (only child), was married to a young man, named Jene Campbell, both speaking. I enjoyed a sumptuous din-dinner.

I took a sleigh ride one day, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, who are both mutes. We went up the river on the ice, at the distance of four miles, it being so solid that there was no risk in our going. We got up and back safely.

Our object was to visit Mr. and Mrs. Kline, a newly married couple. They have commenced housekeeping. A few days after we came back, rain and warmth caused sudden breaking of the ice, but the ice floated so nicely down the river, not much damage was sustained between Northumberland and Catawissa.

I met Frank Detweiler and enjoyed his company. He is a watchmaker, and is doing better than ever. He is a good worker.

W. W. Schwartz was glad to see me once more. He was lonesome during my absence.

I have no work at present, in consequence of my boss's sickness, which has troubled him for some time. His disease is Gout, which is a bad one.

Your well wisher, JARRAD.

Pennsylvania.

ED. JOURNAL:—Weather warm and mild.

Spring, that delightful visitor, is slowly making his appearance.

The snow in the streets is almost gone—a something that can be dispensed with.

Ice cakes should never be served hot.

Every body is naturally a teacher, for they have a pupil in their eye.

Mr. W. McK—— has commenced smoking. Dear friend, I would advice you to stop at once, for the way of the transgressor is hard.

Mr. "Hieronymus" sarcastically dedicated his able effort of poetry to "Mr. Spy" in the JOURNAL of last week, and the reader was pleased by being the recipient of such work emanating from such an able brain. Will be pleased to hear from him again, also glad to know that he enjoyed that cigar, and hope that he will live long and be a prominent personage in life's panorama. My criticism about his prospective marriage was, I beg to say, a very big error on my part, for which I ask from Mr. "Hieronymus" a thousand pardons.

The item concerning Miss Maggie Donghertie's marriage with Mr. F. P. Zell next March, is an error, which the writer would like to correct and make an apology, as he was misinformed, and therefore was in a manner laboring under a cloud, therefore forgive and forget is the humble wish of "Mr. Spy."

The writer begs you to extend through your columns the heartfelt sympathy which he feels towards Mr. Abraham Martin, of Steelton, Pa., in regard to the accident which befel his dear little son, hoping that his trouble will soon be a thing of the past. Therefore I hope he will soon be well and grown up, and be a blessing to him in after years. It is too bad that he should be run over by a sleigh; but accidents will happen, even amid the greatest pleasures.

Mr. W. E. G——, that distinguished sport, went away to Harrisburgh last Saturday night for some good reasons unknown to the writer, and returned like a batterfly in Summer, decked in raiment grand, and interspersed with many colors. The most captivating of all was a stunning cameo ring, which is booked to dazzle the eyes of the female sex.

The mean, low principled slanderer that sent the filthy paragraph to the Cincinnati *Inquirer* on Feburary 11th, in regard to Mr. John Breen is not worthy the name of man, for Mr. Breen is doing well at present. Therefore, Thomas Breen, his brother, emphatically denies the untruthful assertion, and hopes that his friends will glory in his pluck in trying to elevate one who has been meanly abused.

Respectfully Yours,
MR. SPY.

2-20-'81.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

We were a knot of doctors, enjoying ourselves after a meeting of the Hippocratic Medical Society, whose members were accostomed to assemble once a year for the purpose of mutual edification and improvement. Dr. Galen Cupps was in the chair. He was our Nester, our old man eloquent; a living professional legandry budget. On his face you could read, "Entertainment," as plainly as you ever saw it painted on an old-fashioned tavern sign; and to it, after a day of weary rambling over the dusty paths of therapeutic lore, we turned as naturally for refreshments as the tired wayfarer halts before the inviting signboard waving hospitable welcome to the cheer within.

Genial Dr. Cupps! Like Father Grimes, that good old soul, "we ne'er shall see him more." No mounment marks his last resting place. The guild of undertakers, possessed they a spark of gratitude, would not suffer this to be. As for his surviving professional brethren, few of us, I fear, have money to spend in that way.

"How do young doctors, as a rule get their first start?" queried a cynical looking M. D. at the foot of the table, with a nose as sharp as the point of his own lancet—"leaving out, of course, exceptional cases, like that ot a man swallowing a fish-bone, or dropping suddenly into a fit, where there is no choice but to seek the nearest aid. What I ask is, how do people come to trust their lives deliberately in inexperienced hands? What's the philosophy of it?

"Popular ignorance, probably," suggested one.

"Or cheek in the youngster," another hinted.

"It's mostly luck, I think," remarked the chair, whereon had converged a number of inquiring looks.

"Come, doctor, give us your experience on that point," was moved and seconded.

"Mine was a case of pure luck," aid he.

"Won't you tell us about it!" We entreated.

Dr. Cupps was not the man to refuse.

"Young men nowadays," he began, "enter the profession with other advantages than we fellows had. The public hospitals, now accessible to students, afford opportunities to learn much by observation which we are left to find out through experiments upon our own patients.

"Though I took my degree after a creditable examination, I doubt if I could have distinguished, by inspection, between the incipient stages of chickenpox and measles. Had I called to treat a simple case of rheumatism, ten to one I should have found a verdict of white swelling, and passed a sentence of amputation, without stopying to ask the victim what he had to say against it. My first patient was Percy Topham, a young man who had inherited a splendid constitution as well as fortune, but was fast making way with both. The case, no doubt, would have fallen into Dingo's hands, for he monopolized the practice thereabout, but for his absence on a distant call.

"Come, quick, sir," urged the messenger, "Mr. Percy is taking on at an awful rate."

Without staying to inquire further I snatched my hat and sallied forth, quite forgetting, in the excitement, the new pill-bags, wherein was stored my stock of samples.

I arrived to find my patient 'taking on' at an awful rate, sure enough."

"Poker in hand, he was laying about him in a manner highly detrimental to the furniture. He was killing snakes, he said. Had it been dogs, hydrophobia might have been my diagnosis; but snakes, I knew, meant delirium tremens. And such was the decision of Mr. Topham's own more practiced judgment, for, turning toward me in a lucid moment:

"I've got 'em, Doc," he said.

"I did my best to calm him, assuring him I should bring him around, placed my fingers on his pulse, and began to count the beats, but, darting from me, he exclaimed:

"There goes the biggest snake yet; the old serpent of all!" making a slash with the poker that caused me to dodge in the corner.

"Leaving two to watch him, and accompanied by the man who had summoned me, I hurried home to procure such remedies as I should conclude the case required—a point I must confess, I was very far from clear upon. I had been reared in a very temperate community, had seen little of intoxication or its effects, and my reading had not borne especially in that direction.

"Before reaching my office, however, I decided what course to take. There was no time to consult books. Besides, I was ashamed to do that in the presence of the man who waited to carry back the physic. He would have taken it for a confession of ignorance, and would have lost no time in proclaiming me a dunce.

"Overhauling my supply of drugs, and taking a little from everyone, I produced a mixture, some element of which I hoped might prove of service.

"'Give him a teaspoonful of it every half hour,' I said to the man, handing him a bottle, on which I was careful not to put a label.

"Not caring to be present to witness the effect of my maiden prescription, 'Tell Mr. Topham I'll call in the morning,' I said.

"Whatever my patient did, I passed a bad night. In all cases in which to make my debut, why should the malignant fates send the very one most likely to expose me?

"With many misgivings I presented myself the next morning at the patient's door. I was glad to see there was no crape on it. Passing the servant who admitted me, I hurried to the sick room, trembling.

"'Good morning, Doc.,' cried the invalid, rising from a sumptuous breakfast, wiping his mouth with one hand and extending the other. 'By George, you did bring me through famously! That stuff was mighty nasty, but it did the business; I'm sound as a dollar this morning.'

"Before I could reply, a serving man entered; the same by whom I had sent the medicine.

"'What's the matter, Dick?' said Topham.

"'Boxer's dead sir.'

"'Dead? the deuce! Ther's a go! I suppose you forgot to call at Bott's, the farrier's for that drench yesterday; just like you when my back is turned.'

"'No, sir! the man replied; 'stopped and got it on my way from the doctor's and gave it according to directions.'

"Just my luck," said Topham, smiting the table. "You see, Doc, Boxer was my fastest trotter, I counted on winning a mint of money from him at the coming races, and now he's gone and kicked the bucket. Well, 'peace to his manes!' as the poet says. Here, Dick, hand the doctor that medicine bottle from the mantle. He may as well fill it up again. This morning's luck may set me on a fresh spree, and there's no telling how soon I may need another dose."

A glance at the bottle, as I took it, made me start. It bore a label on which I read, 'Simon Botts, Farrier.'

"'Can it be?' I mentally exclaimed, 'that it was Botts' posion that cured the man, and mine that killed the horse?' It was a strong case of circumstantial evidence, at any rate.

"Quietly pocketing the bottle I went my way. If the truth was as I surmised, it never came out. Topham sounded my praises everywhere, and soon the local death list was pretty equally filled with the name of old Dingo's patients and my own.

An exchange recommends the treatment of inflamed wounds by smoking them with burning wool or woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool, it is said, will take the pain out of the worst wound, and if repeated once or twice will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound. This remedy is certainly very simple, and within the reach of every one.

A physician writes to the New York *Times* in denuncation of the bathing and gymnastic manias which possess some people. He says that young men and women are killing themselves by exercise, and that the poor body is literally scrubbed out of existence. A good bath once or twice a week, he says, is enough. In old times, when people were at least as healthy as those of to-day, a wash all over was a rare event. We recall a venerable New England dame who said she went to the seashore once a year for that single purpose.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Tallahassee, Fla.,	February	16th.
Jacksonville, Fla.,	"	20th.
Eufaula, Ala.,	"	23d.
Montgomery, Ala.,	"	27th.
Mobile, Ala.,	March	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	"	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	"	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	"	23d.
Austin, Texas,	"	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rogue, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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